

SUPERMAN

No. 39

**WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
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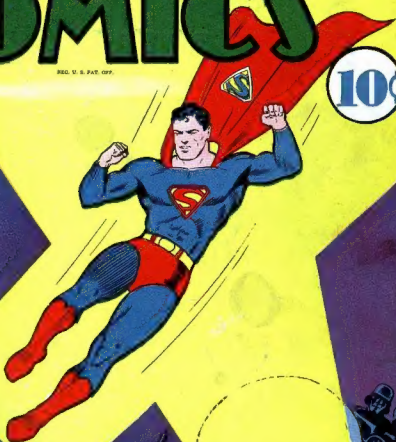
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SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

TERRORIZING THE CITY, COMMITTING DARING ROBBERIES--THE FORCES OF THE LAW ARE APPARENTLY IMPOTENT TO COPE WITH THE STRANGE, HOODED, CLOAKED FIGURE WHO IS IMMUNE TO BULLETS AND WHOSE VERY TOUCH IS DEATH! IS IT MAN OR GHOST? SUPERMAN, MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW, DETERMINES TO LEARN THE ANSWER. THE RESULT IS ONE OF THE MAN OF STEEL'S MOST GRIPPING ADVENTURES!



THE CHALMERS LABORATORIES....

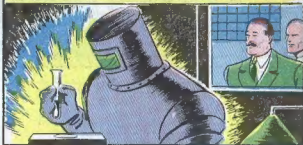
BUT, BRETT--IS IT WISE TO CONTINUE THE RADIUM EXPERIMENT JUST YET?

CHALMERS IS RIGHT, BRYSON. PERHAPS YOU SHOULDN'T TAMPER WITH IT.

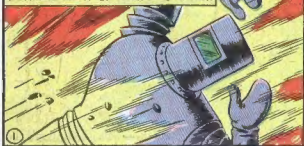
I'M NOT WORRIED. I'LL BE CAREFUL.



AS BRETT BRYSON ENTERS THE CHAMBER IN WHICH THE RADIUM IS STORED AND COMMENCES THE EXPERIMENT, HIS TWO COLLEAGUES TENSELY WATCH THRU A TRANSPARENT PANEL....

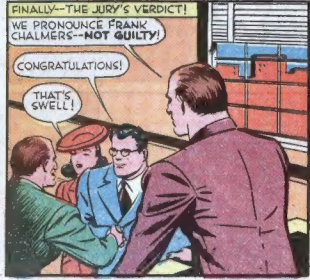
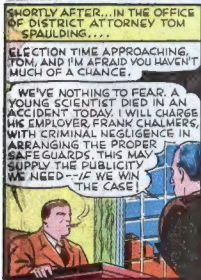


SUDDENLY--AN ERROR--A MISCALCULATION... THERE IS A DEVASTATING EXPLOSION--A WEIRD BOMBARDMENT OF HURLING RAYS...



POLICE? A TERRIBLE DISASTER AT CHALMERS LABORATORIES...! RUSH HELP!





MIDNIGHT--I AS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN OF THE CALLOWAY WHOLESALE JEWELERS, INC., MAKES HIS ROUNDS, HE HALTS SUDDENLY IN TERROR AS HE SEES A MASSIVE, GROTESQUE SHADOW FORM ON THE WALL BEFORE HIM!

AWK!
WHA--??



WHIRLING, HE SIGHS A WEIRD, CLOAKED AND HOODED FIGURE CHARGING AT HIM....



IT--IT
WONT
DIE!

AS THE TWO FIGURES STRUGGLE, THE WATCHMAN SUCCEEDS IN RAISING THE HOOD OF HIS OPPONENT SLIGHTLY....

THAT FACE--THAT
HORRIBLE FACE!!!
AAAGH-HHHH!

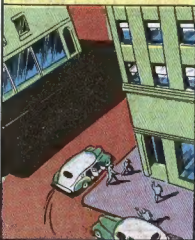
HE-HE
HEEE-
EEE!



THE WATCHMAN GOES LIMP. THE HOODED FIGURE HURRIES INTO THE JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT,--WITH HIS LAST REMAINING OUNCE OF STRENGTH, THE WATCHMAN SETS OFF THE ALARM....



BUT AS THE CARS APPEAR ON THE SCENE, THE HOODED FIGURE MAKES GOOD ITS ESCAPE....



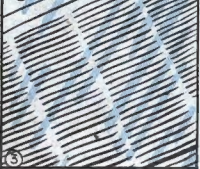
I--I SHOT AT
HIM-- BUT THE
BULLETS DIDN'T
HURT HIM...

HE'S DELIRIOUS...

AND HE
LOOKS IN A
BAD WAY--
BETTER RUSH
HIM TO THE
HOSPITAL.



PLAY VOL. 12
6, 1941
**WATCHMAN IN
ROBBERY DIES
OF RADIUM BURNS**



IF YOU MUST KNOW, I THINK **SUPERMAN** MIGHT HAVE BEEN TO BLAME. BEFORE THE WATCHMAN DIED, HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT BULLETS NOT HARMING HIS ASSAILANT.

I DON'T
BELIEVE
SUPERMAN
CAPABLE OF
COLD-BLOODED
MURDER.

AND HOW DO YOU
EXPLAIN THE RADIUM
BURNS, SERGEANT?
C--I MAY HAVE TO ASSUME
MY IDENTITY AS **SUPERMAN**
IN ORDER TO CLEAR MY
NAME!-")



IN THE ENSUING DAYS, METROPOLIS IS THE SCENE OF A NUMBER OF DARING CRIMES COMMITTED BY THE CLOAKED, GLOWING FIGURE WHOSE VERY TOUCH BRINGS DEATH!



BUT ONE NIGHT...



P-POLICE...?--I'VE JUST SEEN THAT GHOST YOU'VE BEEN AFTER! IT ENTERED THE ALLEY BESIDE THE GALLAGHER COMPANY'S PLACE.

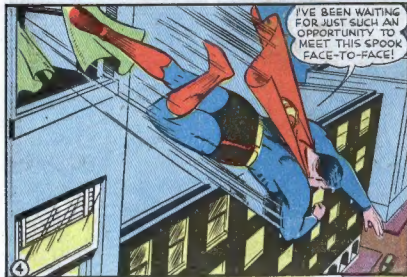


CLARK HEARS A STARTLING POLICE BROADCAST...

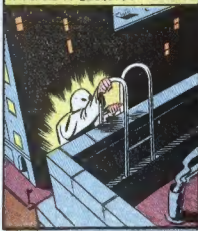
CALLING ALL CARS! CLOSE IN ON THE GALLAGHER COMPANY. GHOST-LIKE CLOAKED FIGURE SIGHTED IN THE VICINITY.



QUICKLY REMOVING HIS OUTER GARMENTS, THE DAILY PLANET REPORTER TRANSFORMS HIMSELF TO DYNAMIC SUPERMAN...



MEANWHILE, THE SPECTRAL FIGURE SCALES THE FIRE-ESCAPE LEADING TO THE TOP OF THE ESTABLISHMENT IT PLANS TO LOOT...



BUT THE COP ON THE BEAT, WHO HAS ALSO SIGHTED THE STARTLING FIGURE, CLIMBS IN PURSUIT...



ATOP THE BUILDING, THE WEIRD INTRUDER EASILY BREAKS THE PADLOCK OF A DOOR WHICH LEADS INTO THE STRUCTURE, BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

RAISE YOUR HANDS! AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS, MIND YOU!



DISREGARDING THE ORDER, THE FANTASTIC FOE CLOSES IN...!

THE REPORT WAS RIGHT--BULLETS DON'T HURT IT...!

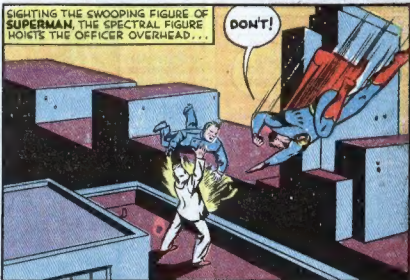


TWO FIGURES LOCKED IN BATTLE--A POLICEMAN--AND "THE GHOST"...

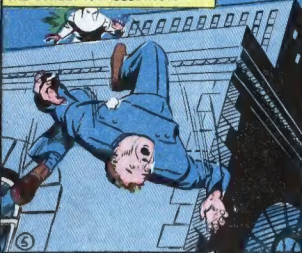


SIGHTING THE SWOOPING FIGURE OF SUPERMAN, THE SPECTRAL FIGURE HOISTS THE OFFICER OVERHEAD...

DON'T!



... THEN HEAVES IT DOWN TOWARD THE STREET FAR BELOW...!



I'LL ATTEND TO THE SPOOK LATER. RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO SEE TO IT THAT NO HARM COMES TO THAT POLICEMAN!

STREAKING DOWN AFTER THE FALLING FIGURE, **SUPERMAN** STRAINS HIMSELF TO THE UTMOST.



THAT LEDGE! UNLESS I CAN REACH HIM, HE'LL BE SMASHED TO A PULP!

SEIZING THE OFFICER'S FOOT, **SUPERMAN** SUCCEEDS IN SWINGING HIS BODY OUT OF HARM'S WAY IN TIME...



JUST MADE IT!

TIME TO END THE JOYRIDE AND ATTEND TO BUSINESS!



BUT AS THE FLAGPOLE SNAPS...



HERE WE GO AGAIN!

SUPERMAN'S TREMENDOUS MUSCLES CUSHION THE SHOCK OF THE FALL. AS HE STRIKES EARTH, GENTLY, HE LOWERS THE OFFICER TO THE GROUND...



GOT TO LEAVE YOU NOW--AND RENEW ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE UNSOCIABLE CRITTER UP THERE!

BUT AS A GREAT LEAP CARRIES **SUPERMAN** BACK ATOP THE ROOF...



HE'S BROKEN IN! WELL, IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO LOCATE HIM!

POLICE-CARS REACH THE SCENE...



WHAT--??

IN THERE--**SUPERMAN!**

FORCING THEIR WAY INTO THE DEPARTMENT STORE, SERGEANT CASEY CONFRONTS THE MAN OF TOMORROW...



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! --FOR MURDER!

A SERIOUS CHARGE. AND THAT'S WHY I CAN'T PERMIT YOU TO HOLD ME--I MUST HAVE A CHANCE TO CLEAR MYSELF!

SUPERMAN EASILY ELUDES THEIR CLUTCHING HANDS AND PISTOL FIRE...

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

HE'S AS SLIPPERY AS AN EEL!

I'D BETTER MAKE MYSELF SCARCE BEFORE YOU HARM YOURSELVES!

WE COULDN'T STOP HIM!

BUT SOMEDAY I'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO PIN HIM DOWN --AND WHEN I DO...!

UNNOTICED BY THE OFFICERS, THE GLOWING HOODED FIGURE SLIPS OUT OF THE STORE AND INTO THE NIGHT...

MORNING PICTORIAL
POLICEMAN DIES OF RADIUM BURNS AFTER ENCOUNTER WITH SUPERMAN

THE RIVAL NEWSPAPERS HEADLINING SUPERMAN'S BOUT WITH THE POLICE, AND NOT A WORD OF IT IN YOUR STORIES! WHY NOT?

FOR ONE THING, WE BELIEVE SUPERMAN INNOCENT OF THE CHARGE!

YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO LIBEL AN INNOCENT MAN, WOULD YOU?

YOU'RE HIRED TO REPORT FACTS, NOT PERSONAL OPINIONS. NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND DIG UP SOMETHING IMPORTANT--AND PLEASE PERMIT ME TO DO ALL THE CENSORING OF STORIES!

LET'S GO, CLARK.

MAYBE WE CAN LEARN OF SOME DEVELOPMENTS AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.

WHAT'S NEW, SERGEANT?

NOT A THING, KENT!

BUT CLARK'S SUPER-HEARING PROVES OTHERWISE! HE PICKS UP A CONVERSATION THAT IS OCCURRING IN A NEARBY ROOM...

("HMM! THIS IS WORTH LISTENING TO!")



WHAT HAS YOUR INVESTIGATION DISCLOSED, SERGEANT CASEY?

WE DISCOVERED THE KILLER'S FINGERPRINTS ON THE SLAIN OFFICER'S COLLAR!



AND WHAT'S MORE, WE'VE TRACED THRU CIVILIAN VOLUNTARY-FINGERPRINT RECORDS WHO THOSE FINGERPRINTS BELONG TO.

WHO IS IT?



AH, THERE'S THE RUB! ACCORDING TO THE RECORD, THOSE FINGERPRINTS BELONG TO BRETT BRYSON--BUT HE DIED IN THE RADIUM EXPLOSION!

THE KILLER A DEAD MAN? NONSENSE, CASEY!



I KNOW IT SOUNDS PHONY, BUT FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE.--I'M GOING TO CALL ON FRANK CHALMERS, CHIEF, AND LEARN THE ANSWERS TO A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS!



SEPARATING FROM LOIS, CLARK CHANGES TO HIS **SUPERMAN** COSTUME.

THE SERGEANT IS GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!



LATER...CASEY ENTERS CHALMERS' RESIDENCE UNDER THE SCRUTINY OF THE **MAN OF TOMORROW**...

THE FINGERPRINTS OF BRYSON WERE FOUND ON A MURDERED MAN. HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT?

I CAN'T--BUT HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS?



AS YOU CAN SEE, MY LIFE IS THREATENED BY THIS FELLOW WHO CALLS HIMSELF "THE GHOST".

YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR. MY MEN AND I WILL KEEP YOUR HOME UNDER CLOSE GUARD.



CASEY AND THE OTHER POLICEMEN TAKE UP STATION ABOUT THE MANSION. BUT, OVERHEAD, ANOTHER SENTINEL KEEPS CLOSE WATCH...

NOW... TO WAIT!

TIME DRAGE...

YOU SURE THIS ISN'T
A WASTE OF TIME?

WHETHER IT
IS OR NOT--
WE'RE TAKING
NO CHANCES!



SUDDENLY-- A SHRIEK ...

HELP!
HELP
ME!

CHALMERS!

GET
GOING!



WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE
IS IT?

IT CAME THRU A
WINDOW... A
HOODED FIGURE!
I SHOUTED FOR
HELP... AND
YOU CAME
JUST IN TIME
TO FRIGHTEN
IT AWAY!

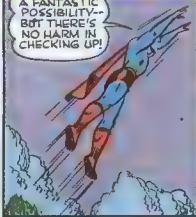


STRANGE--I SAW NO ONE FLEE
FROM THE HOUSE... AND THERE
ARE NO TRACKS OUTSIDE THE
WINDOW! IT REALLY MUST BE A
GHOST--PERHAPS OF BRYSON!



AS A SUDDEN THOUGHT OCCURS
TO THE MAN OF TOMORROW, HE
LAUNCHES HIMSELF UP INTO
SPACE....

A FANTASTIC
POSSIBILITY--
BUT THERE'S
NO HARM IN
CHECKING UP!



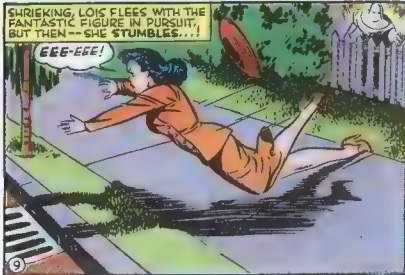
MEANWHILE--AS LOIS COMES TO
PAY MAY BRYSON A FRIENDLY
CALL, SHE SIGHS A GLOWING
HOODED FIGURE PEEERING THRU
THE WINDOW OF THE COTTAGE !!

OH-LHHH!



SHRIEKING, LOIS FLEES WITH THE
FANTASTIC FIGURE IN PURSUIT,
BUT THEN-- SHE STUMBLES...!

EEE-EEE!



TOWARD THE UNCONSCIOUS
FIGURE OF THE GIRL REPORTER
REACH RADIUM HANDS--HANDS,
THE SLIGHTEST CONTACT WITH
WHICH MEANS--DEATH!



SUPERMAN'S SWIFT FLIGHT HAD BROUGHT HIM TO A CEMETERY.

THIS WILL TAKE BUT A MOMENT...



AS I SUSPECTED! THE CASKET IS---**EMPTY!**



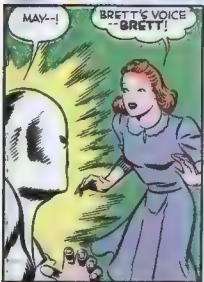
HEARING LOIS' SCREAMS, MAY BRYSON HAD DASHED FROM THE COTTAGE TO INVESTIGATE. SIGHTING THE GLOWING FIGURE REACHING TOWARD LOIS, SHE SHRIEKS, IT WHIRLS--

NO!!



MAY--!

BRETT'S VOICE--**BRETT!**



BRETT--WAIT--ARE YOU LIVING... OR...???

FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME!



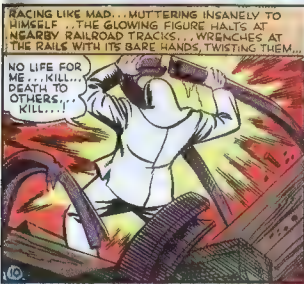
THAT GLOWING GHOST--WHERE IS IT?

GONE! GONE...



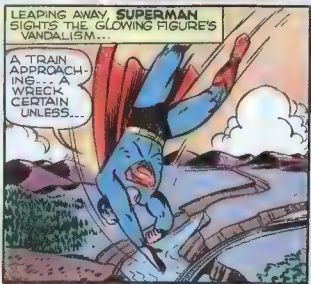
RACING LIKE MAD... MUTTERING INSANELY TO HIMSELF... THE GLOWING FIGURE HALTS AT NEARBY RAILROAD TRACKS... WRENCHES AT THE RAILS WITH ITS BARE HANDS, TWISTING THEM...

NO LIFE FOR ME... KILL... DEATH TO OTHERS... KILL!!!

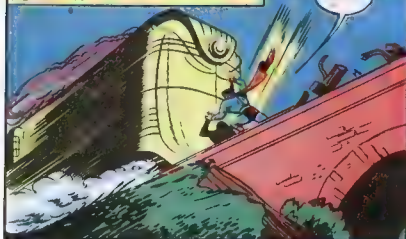


LEAPING AWAY **SUPERMAN** SIGHTS THE GLOWING FIGURE'S VANDALISM...

A TRAIN APPROACHING... A WRECK CERTAIN UNLESS...



DROPPING BEFORE THE ONCOMING TRAIN,
SUPERMAN PITTS HIS COLOSSAL STRENGTH
AGAINST IT...



WHOA!

...FORCING IT TO A STOP!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THE TRACKS
AHEAD--
TAMPERED
WITH...



NO SIGN OF THE GLOWING
FIGURE--IT MADE GOOD ITS
ESCAPE--BUT THERE'S SOME-
ONE ELSE I WANT TO QUESTION.



SHORTLY AFTER...

ULP!

CHALMERS AND
DAVIS...TOGETHER.
WHAT SAY WE
HAVE A LITTLE
CHAT?



I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT BRETT
BRYSON DIDN'T DIE! I WANT
THE TRUTH OUT OF YOU!

NO SENSE ARGUING WITH A MAN OF
YOUR POWERS. YES, BRYSON
LIVES--THE RAD UM BLAST DID
NOT KILL HIM... IT MERELY
AFFECTED HIS BODY IN A
STRANGE WAY SO THAT HE
COULD NOT BE HARMED BY
BULLETS AND COULD CAUSE
SURE DEATH BY HIS TOUCH.



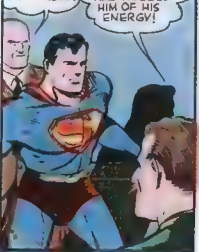
THEN--THIS GLOWING FIGURE
COMMITTING ALL THESE CRIMES
IS IN REALITY BRYSON?

YES--BUT YOU
WON'T BE ABLE
TO DO ANYTHING
ABOUT IT!



LOOK--HE
CAN'T MOVE!

THE RADIUM-GUN
HAS ROBBED
HIM OF HIS
ENERGY!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOOR
OPENS IN LURCHES THE GLOWING
FIGURE, DRAGGING LOOT WITH IT...

YOU'VE CAPTURED
--SUPERMAN?

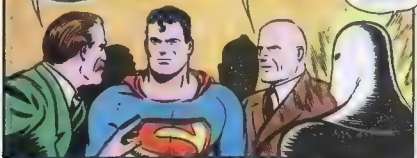
YES. HE WON'T
INTERFERE
WITH OUR
PLANS ANY
LONGER.



NOW I CAN EXPLAIN, AT MY LEISURE--BECAUSE I HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM YOU. BRYSON SURVIVED THE EXPLOSION WITH STRANGE POWERS, IT IS TRUE--BUT WE ALSO DISCOVERED HE HAD ONLY A WEEK TO LIVE!

DAVIS AND I CONCEIVED A PLAN. BRYSON WAS ALMOST PENNILESS. WE CONVINCED HIM THAT IF HE WOULD USE HIS WEIRD POWERS TO COMMIT ROBBERIES, HE COULD SWIFTLY GATHER ENOUGH MONEY TO TAKE CARE OF HIS WIFE FOR LIFE. THE WEEK IS UP--BRYSON IS ABOUT TO DIE.

BUT MY WIFE WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF.



ABRUPTLY, SUPERMAN LEAPS AT DAVIS...

WHAT--? BUT THE RADIUM-GUN....!

I ONLY PRETENDED TO BE OVERCOME. OUT WITH THE TRUTH, DAVIS!



I KNOW NOTHING BEYOND WHAT CHALMERS HAS SAID!

YOU'RE LYING! TELL THE TRUTH--OR I'LL DASH YOUR SKULL AGAINST THE WALL!



I'LL SPEAK, I'LL SPEAK! CHALMERS LIED! HE NEVER INTENDED TO GIVE THE MONEY TO BRYSON'S WIFE. WHAT'S MORE, THAT EXPLOSION WASN'T ACCIDENTAL. HE ARRANGED IT DELIBERATELY SO THAT BRYSON WOULD COMMIT THOSE CRIMES FOR HIM!

YOU!!



AS CHALMERS ATTEMPTS TO FLEE, HE IS SEIZED BY THE GLOWING HOODED FIGURE...

DIE...YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING DOG!

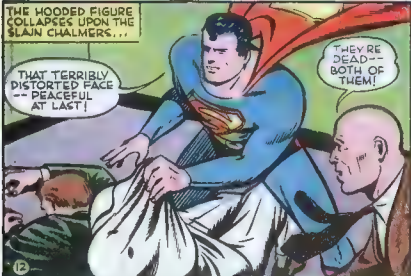
YAAA-AA-AA!



THE HOODED FIGURE COLLAPSES UPON THE SLAIN CHALMERS...

THAT TERRIBLY DISTORTED FACE--PEACEFUL AT LAST!

THEY'RE DEAD--BOTH OF THEM!



SUPERMAN TURNS DAVIS OVER TO THE POLICE, LATER----

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT I WAS MISTAKEN.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW, SERGEANT THAT SUPERMAN HAS DEDICATED HIMSELF TO FIGHTING CRIME!



THE END



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

HELLO again, Members! Well, SUPERMAN'S SUPER-CONTEST is now in its final stages, and I hope each and every one of you is planning to send in those Contest Pictures from the May, June and July issues of ACTION COMICS Magazine, because those big Prizes ought to look mighty good to all of you! Just as a reminder, take a look at the prize-list:

FIRST PRIZE \$100.00.....or \$200.00 IF WON BY A MEMBER
SECOND PRIZE \$75.00.....or \$150.00 IF WON BY A MEMBER
THIRD PRIZE \$50.00.....or \$100.00 IF WON BY A MEMBER
4 FOURTH PRIZES \$25.00 each.....or \$50.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
5 FIFTH PRIZES \$15.00 each.....or \$30.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
5 SIXTH PRIZES \$10.00 each.....or \$20.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
20 SEVENTH PRIZES \$5.00 each.....or \$10.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
150 EIGHTH PRIZES \$2.00 each.....or \$4.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER
150 NINTH PRIZES \$1.00 each.....or \$2.00 each IF WON BY A MEMBER

And that line "IF WON BY A MEMBER" is a very important one! It means that you're entitled to DOUBLE the prize-money in each case if you are a Member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA!

As we go to press, entries are already beginning to flood into the office—and I want to be sure to have an entry from YOU and YOU and YOU before the July 1st deadline which closes the contest. Just think how some of that CASH could be used: perhaps you want to swell a fund toward a bicycle or a camera or some other much-desired possession; perhaps you'd like a little extra cash toward Christmas presents for the family not so many months from now; perhaps you want to bolster that bank account which is going to send you to college. Whatever the reason, one of those Cash Prizes would come in very handy, wouldn't it?

So, if you haven't sent *your* entry, you'd better start looking through your files of ACTION COMICS for the May, June and July issues which contain all the Contest Pictures. Read the rules carefully, and SEND IN YOUR ENTRY! Better hurry, though—remember that the Contest closes July 1st, 1941.

The best of luck to all of you, and very best regards.

Sincerely,
CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE!

(Code Neptune No. 7)

AYBL HTLYPJHUPZT
ILJVTILZ TYVL PTWV
YAHUA AV BZ HSS
LVLYF KHF.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Dear Superman.

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

GAGS

HARRY
BOSTONOFF

IT'S MY OWN IDEA-
TAIL LIGHTS!

HOW D'YA LIKE
THE SOUP? I GOT
AN 'A' ON IT
LAST NIGHT IN
COOKING SCHOOL!

WHY DID WE HAVE
TO CATCH SO MANY.
I HATE FISH!

No. 12

SUPERMAN

WORLD'S GREATEST
ADVENTURE STRIP
CHARACTER

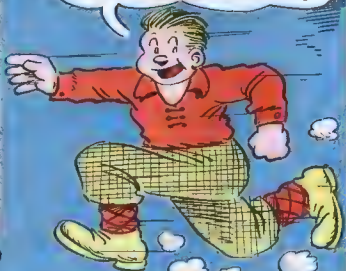
10¢

SEPT.
OCT.



ON SALE JULY 2ND
DON'T MISS IT!

HEY! HERE'S ANOTHER
BRAND NEW
ISSUE CRAMMED WITH
ADVENTURES OF
SUPERMAN!

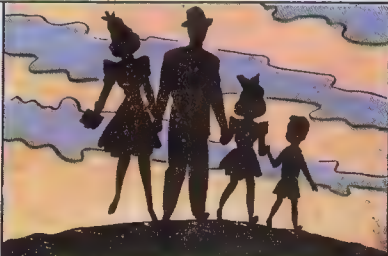


IT'S TRUE

67

HENRY
BOUTHOFF

COMMERCIAL HORTICULTURISTS
NOW USE **TEAR GAS** TO
CONTROL CERTAIN SOIL PESTS.



THE AVERAGE AMERICAN FAMILY

LAST YEAR ATE SLIGHTLY LESS THAN 1 LOAF
OF BREAD A DAY. TO BE STATISTICAL,
10,480,950,293 POUNDS OF BREAD,
AND ROLLS WERE BAKED IN 1940!

YANK AND DOODLE

"AMERICA'S FIGHTING TWINS"
BEGIN THEIR
SMASHING BATTLE
AGAINST SABOTAGE
in the AUGUST issue of

PRIZE COMICS

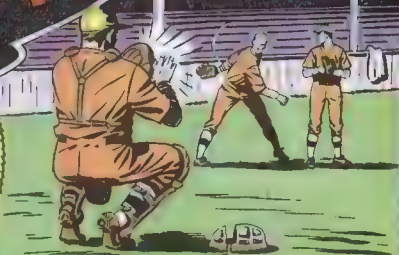
DON'T MISS IT!!



PEP MORGAN

THE BASEBALL TEAM OF MIDWEST COLLEGE IS HOLDING PRACTICE IN ITS STADIUM, NOW PRACTICALLY DESERTED. UNBEATEN IN SIX STARTS, MIDWEST'S PITCHING STAFF HAS BEEN RIDDLED BY SICKNESS, AND THE COLLEGE NOW DEPENDS ON ITS ONLY REMAINING HURLERS, PEP MORGAN AND JERRY HOPE, TO WIN THE TWO GAMES LEFT...

THAT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DROP, PEP. NOW WATCH ME DO IT...



Leo Fitz

YOU SHOULDN'T JERRY! YOU HAVEN'T WARMED UP ENOUGH...

FORGET IT PEP... WATCH-- OW!



GEE MY ARM! IT FEELS AS THOUGH IT WERE BROKEN!

YOU'VE STRAINED THE MUSCLES!

WHAT'S WRONG, JERRY?



I...I THINK I THREW MY ARM OUT COACH! I'M... I'M SORRY!

NOW I HAVE TO DEPEND ON PEP TO PITCH TOMORROW'S GAME WITHOUT ANY RELIEF --- AND PROBABLY SATURDAY'S GAME, TOO!

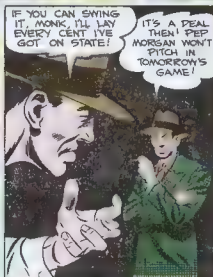
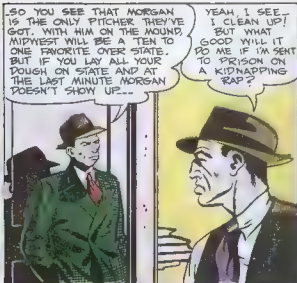


A FEW SCATTERED SPECTATORS ARE WATCHING THE PRACTICE---

CAN YOU BEAT THAT, MISTER? OUR TEAM NOW HAS ONLY ONE PITCHER LEFT. SUPPOSE SOMETHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO PEP MORGAN?

YEAH... THAT WOULD BE TOO BAD, WOULDN'T IT?

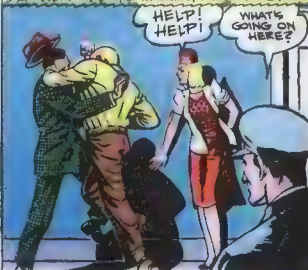




PEP ROUNDS THE CORNER AND SEES-----



PEP STEPS INTO THE MASHER, FISTS FLYING!



PEP TRIES TO EXPLAIN TO THE POLICEMAN---



AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER, PEP IS SHOVED INTO A CELL.



WE'LL CHANGE CLOTHES! THEN A LITTLE DIRT RUBBED ON MY FACE MIGHT DO THE TRICK.



I GET 'CHA! CHEE... MAYBE WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHAT I DID I'LL GET LIFE! WON'T THAT BE GREAT?



AND SO, WHEN THE JAILER OPENS THE DOOR---

GOODBYE, BUM— TRY FINDING YOURSELF A JOB AND YOU WON'T WIND UP HERE AGAIN



THE GAME MUST BE ALMOST OVER BY NOW... AND JERRY HAD TO PITCH WITH HIS BAD ARM!

QUICK— GET ME TO THE MIDWEST STADIUM!



AS HE RACES TO THE DUGOUT, PEP SEES THE SCOREBOARD.

MIDWEST LOSING 5 TO 6... GOING INTO THE NINTH... JERRY HELP OUT UNTIL THE EIGHTH THEN YIELDED SIX RUNS!



IT'S A LONG STORY, COACH— I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. WON'T YOU LET ME RELIEVE JERRY? HIS ARM...

ORDINARILY I WOULDN'T LET YOU PITCH, PEP. YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO BE ABSENT BUT JERRY IS IN AGONY. THERE'S NO TIME TO CHANGE! SET IN THERE!



BEWILDERED SPECTATORS SEE A DIRTY HOBO RELIEVE THE VALIANT MIDWEST HURLER.

WHY... IT'S PEP! GOLLY, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU— I MANAGED TO HOLD 'EM OFF UNTIL THE EIGHTH BUT...

YOU DID A GREAT JOB, JERRY.



THE STATE MEN JEER THE NEW MOUNDSMAN...

THEY'RE USING TRAMPS AGAINST US NOW. WOW— WHAT A PITCHING STAFF— HA, HA!

GOT A NICKEL FOR A CUP OF CANFEE? HAW, HAW!

I'LL MURDER THE FIRST PITCH!



BUT THE STATE MEN ARE RETIRED WITH NINE PITCHED BALLS!

HERE'S A FAST ONE, FELLA!

I CAN'T EVEN SEE THE BALL!

STRIKE THREE!



MIDWEST AT BAT IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH--- TWO MEN RAP OUT SINGLES---

PEP'S UP NEXT--- I HOPE HE CAN DRIVE US HOME!



IT'S UP TO ME! IT'S MY FAULT THAT WE'RE TRAILING! I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE MEN HOME!



AH, IT'S MR RAGS! HERE'S ONE MAN I CAN STRIKE OUT!



A LOW FAST BALL---PEP SWINGS WITH EVERY OUNCE OF POWER IN HIS BODY---

CRACK

IT'S OVER THE STADIUM!



THE HOBO HIT A HOMER! MIDWEST WINS. 9 TO 8

WHO IS HE?

IT'S PEP MORGAN! I KNOW HIS BATTING STANCE!

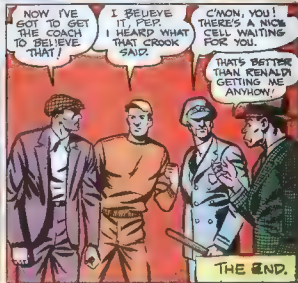
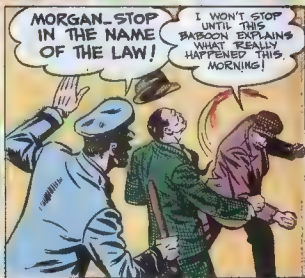
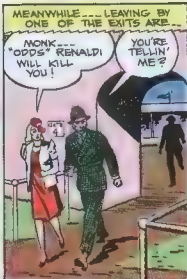


SAY, COACH, WOULD YOU MIND IF I KEPT THIS BALL AS A MEMENTO OF THE CRAZIEST BALL GAME I'VE...

NEVERMIND THAT. WHY WERE YOU LATE? YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN IF YOU WANT TO STAY ON THE SQUAD!

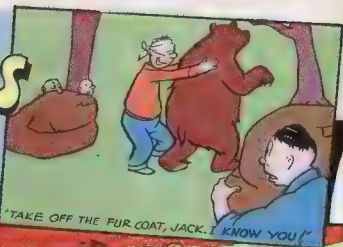
SAY--HERE COMES A COP!





LAFF LINES

BILL
by CARNEY

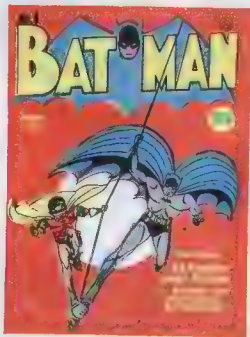


THE WINNING TEAM!

BATMAN AND ROBIN

IN MORE BRAND-NEW
SMASHING ADVENTURES!

NOW ON SALE
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!



BLACK PIRATE.

by
-SHELDON MOLDOFF



Synopsis:

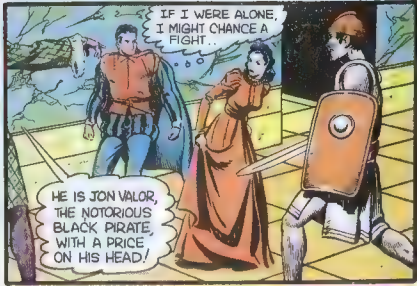
...JON VALOR, POSING AS NOAH SCOTT, TRADER, HAS BEEN INVITED TO ATTEND THE ROYAL BALL AS GUESTS OF HIS FRIEND, CAPTAIN DON DE AVILA. ...UNKNOWN TO THE BLACK PIRATE, DE AVILA HAS LAID A TRAP TO CAPTURE HIM ONCE INSIDE THE PALACE WALLS, AND SO REGAIN THE FAVOR OF THE KING OF SPAIN...



..I HAVE ARRANGED A VERY INTERESTING PROGRAM FOR YOU, MY FRIENDS..ONE THAT I AM SURE YOU WILL ENJOY..



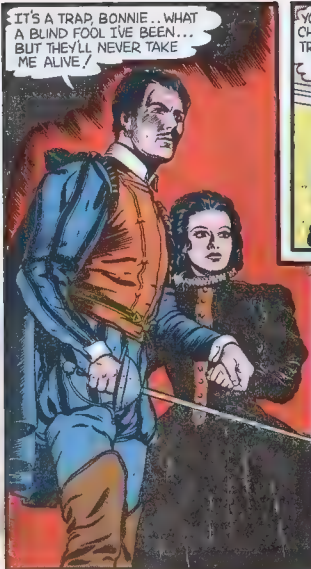
GUARDS!
GUARDS...
SEIZE THIS
MAN!



IF I WERE ALONE,
I MIGHT CHANCE A
FIGHT...

HE IS JON VALOR,
THE NOTORIOUS
BLACK PIRATE,
WITH A PRICE
ON HIS HEAD!

IT'S A TRAP, BONNIE... WHAT
A BLIND FOOL I'VE BEEN...
BUT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE
ME ALIVE!

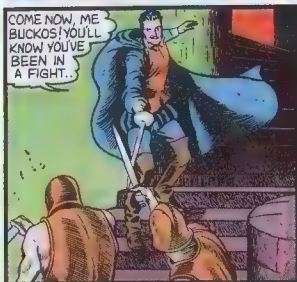


YOU'VE LITTLE
CHANCE WITH ME...
TRY TO ESCAPE
ALONE...

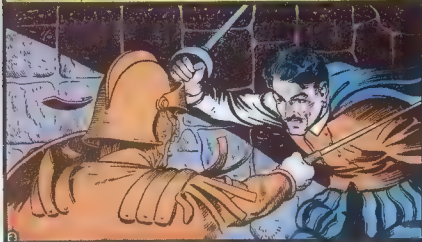
...GOOD LASS..I'LL LEAVE
YOU NOW, BUT I'LL BE BACK!



COME NOW, ME
BUCKOS! YOU'LL
KNOW YOU'VE
BEEN IN
A FIGHT..



THE BLACK PIRATE SLOWLY MAKES HIS WAY UP THE STONE
STAIRWAY, HOLDING THE CAPTAIN'S GUARDS BEFORE HIM..



WITH THE GATES OF THE
PALACE BARRED, THE
BLACK PIRATE IS FORCED
UP TO THE TOWERS...



HIGH ON THE CASTLE WALL,
THE BLACK PIRATE SEES A
CHANCE OF ESCAPE...



... AND IS QUICK TO SEIZE
THE OPPORTUNITY...



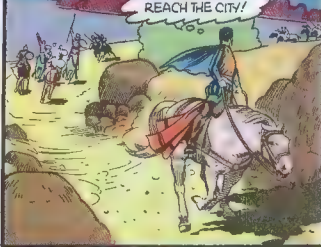
LIKE A CAT, VALOR SLIPS INTO THE
HORSE'S SADDLE AND TURNS HIM ABOUT!



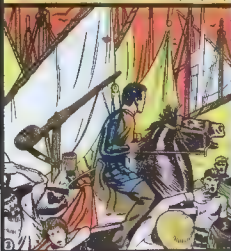
BUT THE OTHER HORSEMEN NOTICE THEIR MISS-
ING COMPANION AND ARE SOON IN QUICK PURSUIT!



AVILA'S MEN! I'LL
LOSE THEM ONCE I
REACH THE CITY!

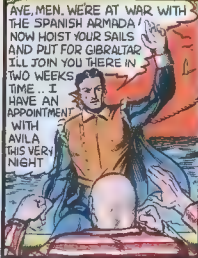


THROUGH THE STREETS OF BARCELONA,
AND TO THE FAMED WATERFRONT...



... AND HIS SHIP!

AVE, MEN. WE'RE AT WAR WITH
THE SPANISH ARMADA!
NOW HOIST YOUR SAILS
AND PUT FOR GIBRALTAR
I'LL JOIN YOU THERE IN
TWO WEEKS
TIME... I
HAVE AN
APPOINTMENT
WITH
AVILA
THIS VERY
NIGHT



... AS THE BLACK PIRATE
SLIPS INTO THE GROWING
SHADOWS OF THE PORT,
HIS SHIP SAILS FOR
THE OPEN SEAS.



AT THE PALACE, CAPTAIN DON DE AVILA IS ENRAGED BECAUSE OF THE FAILURE OF HIS PLOT...

THROW HER INTO THE DUNGEONS!

AVILA LEAVES THE ROYAL PALACE WITH DOUBLE GUARDS...

...TO BROOD IN THE SILENCE OF HIS OWN VILLA... FOR THE POOR CAPTAIN IS MUCH WORSE OFF THAN BEFORE... FOR NOW, HE HAS THE BLACK PIRATE ON HIS TRAIL...



A GUARD REPORTS...

...WE CHASED THE BLACK PIRATE TO THE SEA... THREE OF OUR SHIPS ARE ALREADY ON HIS TRAIL...

GOOD!

... THEN HE'S GONE! THE BLACK PIRATE HAS LEFT BARCELONA.

NO! HE HASN'T LEFT.. HE'S HERE... GUARD! BOLT THE DOOR!!

NEXT MONTH... REVENGE!

QUIZ.

1. WHAT **FOOD** DO WE GET FROM THE TRUNK OF A PALM TREE?

2. HOW MANY **STATES** ARE NAMED FOR PRESIDENTS?

3. HOW MANY **LANGUAGES** ARE SPOKEN IN SWITZERLAND?

4. WHY IS AN **ACTOR** CALLED A **THESPIAN**?

ANSWERS HERE...HOLD UPSIDE DOWN

1. SAGO, PRODUCED FROM EAST INDIAN PALMS.

2. ONLY ONE - WASHINGTON.

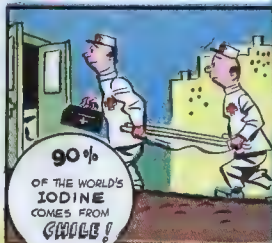
3. THREE - FRENCH, GERMAN, AND ITALIAN

4. AFTER THESPIA, THE FOUNDER OF GREEK TRAGEDY.

FACTS

by

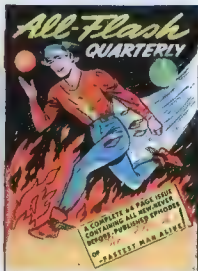
HEART
90-30 OFF



IN THE 17th CENTURY

IN MANY EUROPEAN COUNTRIES, A YOUNG MAN
HAD TO PLANT AT LEAST NINE WALNUT TREES
TO OBTAIN A MARRIAGE LICENSE THIS, TO
HELP INCREASE THE WEALTH OF THE NATION!

A PEACH OF A PAIR!



PLENTY
OF LAUGHS
AND
PLENTY
OF THRILLS
IN THESE
TWO
TERRIFIC
TOP-NOTCHERS!

DON'T MISS 'EM!



NOW ON SALE

THREE ACES

GUNNER BILL

PILOT WIL

CHAD

MUST BE THE SERUM SLED
BOUND FOR GLENCARREN TO
FIGHT THAT EPIDMIC THEY
HAVE UP THERE!

LONG THE WHITE AND FROZEN TRAILS OF
THE BARREN NORTH RACES A DOG
TEAM AND SLEDGE... WHILE HIGH
ABOVE IT DRONES THE AIRPLANE
MOTORS OF THE ACES, SOUND NORTH
FOR ADVENTURE....

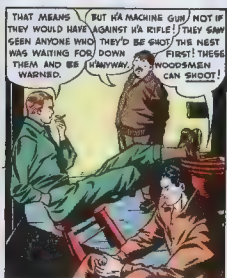
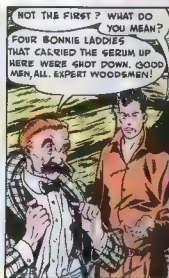
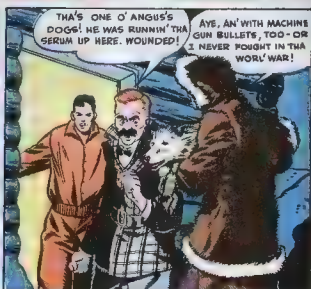
BON VOYAGE,
M'SIEUR!

THE NEXT INSTANT, THE STILL
AIR IS RIPPED APART BY
CRACKING MACHINE GUN FIRE!

MON DIEU! NO GUNS OR MEN
ARE VISIBLE, BUT MY DOGS
DIE! I—

A SHOT! THE DRIVER PITCHES
FORWARD, DEAD!

BANG!



I'VE A FEELING WE'RE GOING TO STEP INTO THIS! THAT SERUM WAS BOUND FOR GLENCARREN FOR THE DOCTOR TO STOP THE PLAGUE AT INDIAN DREAM VILLAGE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY!



YIE KEN DOIN', LAD?

I KNOW OUR DUTY IS TO THE MAN THAT ASKED US TO COME UP HERE. FOG - YOU FLY TO HOME FOR MORE SERUM! RIGHT!



WHILE GUNNER AND I RIG UP A LITTLE TRAP FOR THESE CLEVER KILLERS.

TWO DAYS LATER, ANOTHER DOG-SLED PLOWS ALONG THE TRAIL TOWARD GLENCARREN...

SEE ANYTHING? NOT YET, WILL BUT WE'RE YET? NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE OTHER DRIVER WAVED TO US.



WHERE - WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?

CAN'T TELL YET. CAN'T SEE A THING.

DAT-DAT-DAT!

YELP

SUDDENLY A MACHINE GUN CRACKLES FROM AN INVISIBLE LOCATION!



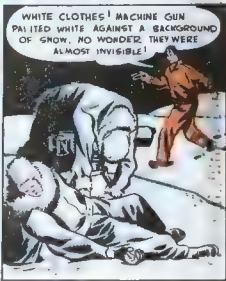
THAT HILL OF SNOW IS HIDING THEM!

DA-PA-DAT!



MACHINE GUN DUEL IN THE WHITE STILLNESS OF THE NORTH!

COME ON, BOYS - A LITTLE OPPOSITION!



WHITE CLOTHES! MACHINE GUN PAINTED WHITE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SNOW. NO WONDER THEY WERE ALMOST INVISIBLE!

I THOUGHT THEY GOT YOU!

THEY HIT ME IN THE STOMACH AND KNOCKED MY WIND OUT. THESE BULLETPROOF CLOTHES WE WORE SURE CAME IN HANDY!



HA, I THOUGHT WE'D FIND A CLUE! LOOK! A NOTE FROM A PIERRE LASALLE! TELLING THEM ABOUT THE FIND THIS SERUM SHIPMENT WE STAGED TODAY!

COME ON WE'VE GOT TO FIND THIS LASALLE BABY!



'ERE THEY COME

THA' MEANS THEY MUST'VE CAUGHT THE LADDIES WHO WERE SHOOTIN' DOWN THA' BOYS.



AND THIS PIERRE LA SALLE - ?

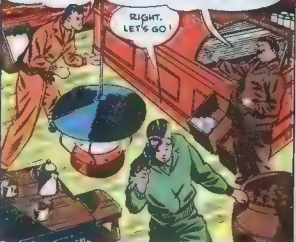
A TRADER AT INDIAN DREAM VILLAGE. HIS BROTHER'S AT HOME, WORKS AT THE SERUM POST. THAT'S HOW HE KNEW ABOUT THE SHIPMENTS!



WE'LL START FOR THIS INDIAN DREAM PLACE AT ONCE!

-BEFORE 'S COULD 'AVE GOTTEN WORD H'ABOUT 'IS BOYS BEIN' TAKEN CARE HOF BY THE H'ACES!

RIGHT, LET'S GO!



OFF FOR INDIAN DREAM MINE



UGH! THUNDER GULLS! ME TELL UM FRENCHIE!

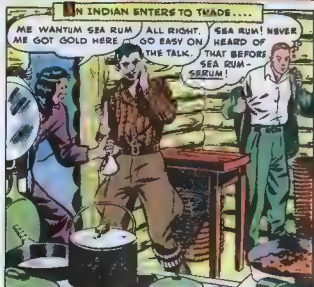


PIERRE LASALLE, INDIAN TRADER...

THUNDER GULLS, FRENCHIE!

WHA-AT? AIRPLANES!







I'LL FIX YOUR SQUAW!



A COUPLE OF THOUSAND DUCKS WORTH OF GOLD DUST FOR SOME STOLEN SERUM - NOT BAD.



HOLD EVERYTHING, LASALLE YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

WHA-AT! WHO-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT RIGHT-?



WE WERE SWORN IN AS DEPUTY SHERIFFS WITH UNLIMITED JURISDICTION. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

TRICKED!



THE INDIAN, THINKING HIS WIFE WILL NOT BE ADMINISTERED THE SERUM, LEAPS FOR GUNNER!

GET HIM INJUN!

HOLD ON!



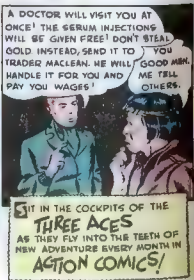
BUT THE ACES ARE ON THE JOB!

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

ZING!



THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO!



A DOCTOR WILL VISIT YOU AT ONCE! THE SERUM INJECTIONS WILL BE GIVEN FREE! DON'T STEAL GOLD INSTEAD, SEND IT TO YOU TRADER MACLEAN. WE WILL HANDLE IT FOR YOU AND PAY YOU WAGES!

GOOD MEN. ME TELL OTHERS.

IT IN THE COCKPITS OF THE **THREE ACES** AS THEY FLY INTO THE TEETH OF NEW ADVENTURE EVERY MONTH IN **ACTION COMICS!**

GOOD MOVIES and BOOKS

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

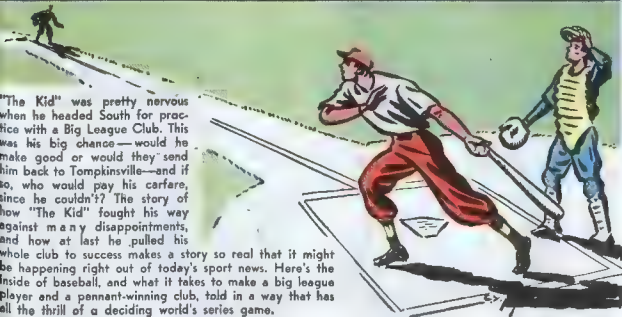


MOVIE OF THE MONTH NIGHT TRAIN (20th CENTURY-FOX)

Here's a British spy picture that has everything: Plot and counter plot, boats, airplanes, trains, concentration camps, soldiers and secret police. When the Germans march into Czechoslovakia they are just too late to stop the escape, by airplane, of a famous Czech whose inventions they want for their war machine. They arrest his daughter but allow her to escape to England where their spies follow her as she searches for her father. Both are kidnapped and secretly sent back to Germany. A daring British agent follows. Posing as a major of the German Army his plans for their rescue almost fail when he is recognized on the night train. Quick thinking and daring action save them as a suspension car swings perilously between mountain tops to cross the Swiss border. Surprises and suspense keep you on the edge of your seat to the very end.

A BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL STORY:

"THE KID FROM TOMPKINSVILLE" by JOHN R. TUNIS
published by HARCOURT BRACE — 1940



"The Kid" was pretty nervous when he headed South for practice with a Big League Club. This was his big chance—would he make good or would they send him back to Tompkinsville—and if so, who would pay his carfare, since he couldn't? The story of how "The Kid" fought his way against many disappointments, and how at last he pulled his whole club to success makes a story so real that it might be happening right out of today's sport news. Here's the inside of baseball, and what it takes to make a big league player and a pennant-winning club, told in a way that has all the thrill of a deciding world's series game.

THE ADVENTURES OF
TEX THOMSON
AS...

MR. AMERICA

by BERNARD BAILY

WHO IS "MR. AMERICA"? WHERE DID HE COME FROM? THE ONLY CLUES TO HIS IDENTITY ARE A RED, WHITE AND BLUE FEATHER AND THE WHISTLING OF "YANKEE DOODLE" WHICH ALWAYS ANNOUNCES HIS PRESENCE-- THIS COLORFUL, FEARLESS FOE OF SABOTEURS, SPIES AND FIFTH COLUMNISTS CONDUCTS HIS ONE MAN WAR ON THE NATION'S ENEMIES! ACTUALLY, MR. AMERICA IS TEX THOMSON, MILLIONAIRE ADVENTURER BELIEVED LOST AT SEA...

THROUGH THE NIGHT, A POWERFUL, ALERT FIGURE PATROLS THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF INDUSTRY!



IT IS MR. AMERICA, ARCH-ENEMY OF THOSE WHO WOULD DO HIS COUNTRY AND HER INDUSTRIES HARM!

ODD HOW QUIET THINGS ARE! I'D HATE TO THINK I'VE SCARED THE SABOTEURS AWAY! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE-- HEY!



I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!

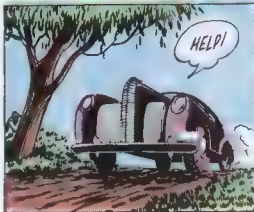
HE'LL BE SHUT UP FOR GOOD ONCE WE ROUND THIS CURVE!

HEY! WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!



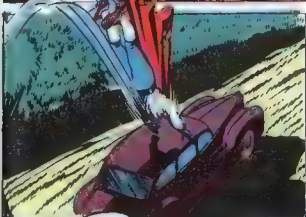
A CAR ROARS PAST AND A MUFFLED CRY OF HELP REACHES HIS ALERT EARS...

HELP!





AS THE
CAR
ROARS
AROUND
A CURVE,
**MR.
AMERICA**
APPEARS TO
GIVE UP...



TEX
BRINGS
THE
CAR
TO A
HALT...

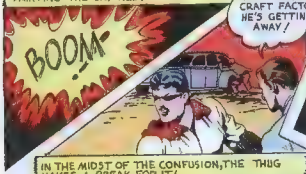


COME ON
OUT, YOU TWO,
OR YOU'LL
GET A DOSE OF
THE SAME MEDICINE



NOW WE'LL HAVE
AN EXPLANATION!

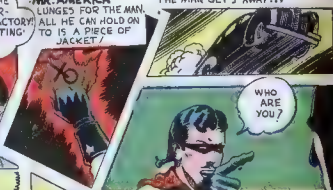
SUDDENLY, A DEAFENING EXPLOSION SOUNDS,
PAINTING THE SKY RED!



IT'S THE
MAINS AIR-
CRAFT FACTORY!
HE'S GETTING
AWAY!

MR. AMERICA
LUNGES FOR THE MAN.
ALL HE CAN HOLD ON
TO IS A PIECE OF
JACKET!

THE MAN GETS AWAY...



IN THE MIST OF THE CONFUSION, THE THUG
MAKES A BREAK FOR IT!



I'M ED BLAKE, GLOBE PHOTOGRAPHER!
THE PAPER PLANTED A REPORTER AND
ME AT A SPY CAMP I GOT CAUGHT!
THEY WERE
TAKING ME
FOR A RIDE /
THEY PLANNED
THAT
EXPLOSION.

SABOTEURS!
I'VE GOT TO
GET TO THAT
PLANT!

MR. AMERICA SPEEDS TO THE PLANT, BUT TOO
LATE!



SOMEBODY'S
GOING TO PAY
FOR THIS!



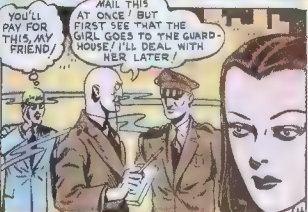
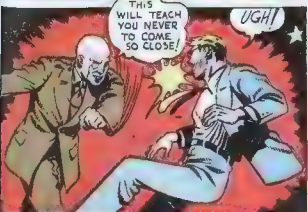
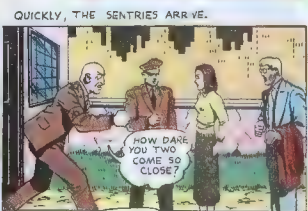
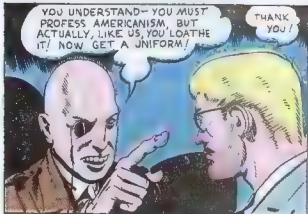
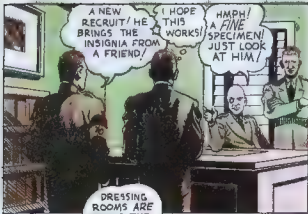
EVIDENCE!
THIS IS THEIR
INSIGNIA!
TOMORROW I
STRIKE!



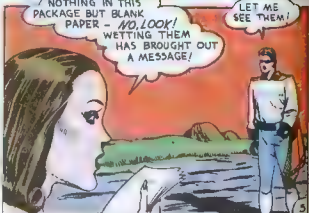
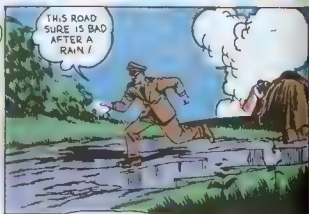
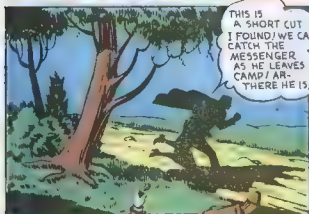
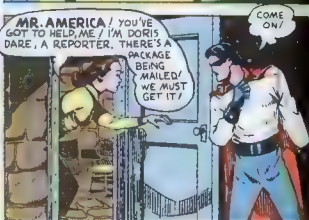
NEXT
MORNING

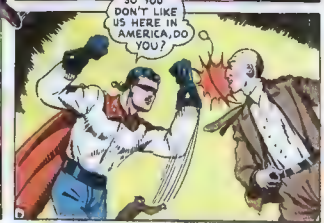
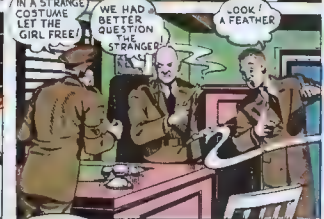
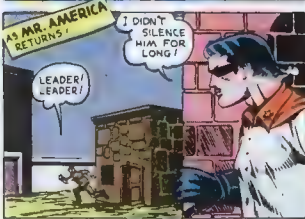
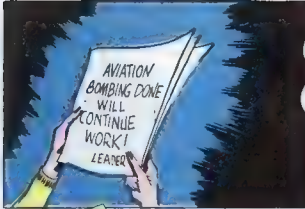
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
GOT AWAY! WE
MUST BE CAREFUL
FROM NOW ON!

COME
IN!



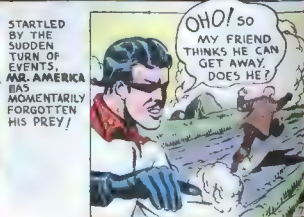
BACK IN THE BARRACKS, A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OCCURS A MOMENT AFTER THE BEATEN STRANGER ENTERS!



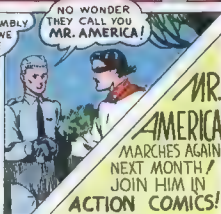
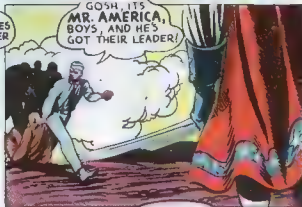
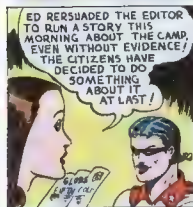
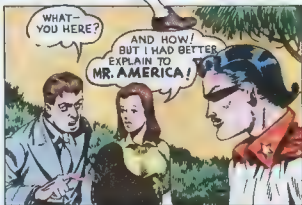
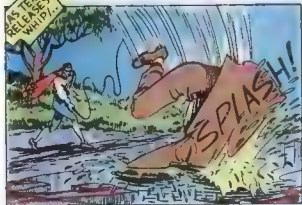




BUT
SWIFTLY,
HE USES
THE
LEADER
AS A
SHIELD!



STARTLED
BY THE
SUDDEN
TURN OF
EVENTS,
MR. AMERICA
HAS
MOMENTARILY
FORGOTTEN
HIS PREY!



GET YOUR MAN!

by Fred Hart

HE'S a dangerous man," said U. S. Marshal Craig Nolan to the man in front of him, who stood quietly with his big Stetson hat in his long fingers. "He killed Sheriff Barney Blake up in the Broken Buttes, took his clothes and is hiding out somewhere in that section."

"My job is to bring him in," said Deputy Marshal Claw Custer, smiling grimly. He nodded and lifted the heavy Colt revolvers that reposed in low-slung holsters on his thighs. "I'll get started right away."

The Marshal came to the door with him, and said, "Nobody knows what he looks like. You've got to be careful. People know about Claw Custer, the gun-fighting marshal, but they don't know much about this nameless killer!"

Claw nodded, saying, "I'll find him!"

He swung into the saddle of his big roan gelding and trotted down the main street of the little Arizona town. In the distance ahead of him towered the twin peaks of the Dos Cabezas mountains, the northernmost spur of the Chiricahua range. Between those two hills and this town lay the Broken Buttes. Claw Custer swung the roan's head in that direction and let him run.

He reached the Buttes two days later, toward sundown. As he swung free from his horse



to make camp, he heard the steady thud of hooves on the sun-baked plains. Rigid, he stood beside the gelding, hands resting lightly on the handles of his guns.

Three men rode up from a shallow arroyo and sat their horses within shouting distance of the deputy marshal.

"Hi!" said one of them, leaning a little forward in his saddle. "Stranger 'round these here parts, ain't you?"

"I reckon," nodded Claw. "Sit and eat. I've got plenty of grub."

The men swung down and came closer. Custer observed that they were all long, lean

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riders, clad in the conventional blue jeans, flannel shirts and light buckskin vests of the country. On the top of one of the men were two jagged holes. About their waists were buckled Colt six-shooters.

The trio pitched in with a will and helped Custer unpack the duffle-bag slung over the pommel of his big Cheyenne saddle. They broiled bacon and coffee, and squatted around the small fire and ate silently.

"Mite chilly these nights," said someone.

"Yeah," agreed Custer, tensing himself. He knew what he had to do now. These men, who watched him with gimlet eyes from under the broad rims of their sombreros, weren't cowboys. The way their hands always remained near their worn gun-butt's assured him he was eating with longriders, outlaws who rode and rode, always seeking a range where the law had not reached, fleeing from ranges where it was a power. He was a deputy marshal, and they were outlaws, and hard-bitten ones.

One little spark would send these gunmen's hands diving in swift motion for their guns. Three against one were long odds, but it wasn't that which held him back. He had a job to do—to bring back a sheriff-killer. Nothing was going to stop him!

He rose to his feet easily,

prepared to draw for his Colts with the baffling speed that had made his name a byword in the Arizona territory. But the men just sat there, and looked at him.

"I'm turning in," he said slowly. "Reckon you might do the same."

"Yeah," said one of them. "I reckon."

Claw Custer lay down on the hard ground and drew his well-worn Navajo blanket about his shoulders. He lay very still. Had they seen the two little holes in his buckskin vest where his marshal's badge was wont to hang? If they had, they must have connected him with the law as a badge-wearer! That meant they knew he was a marshal, or a sheriff!

If they knew that, then he would be stupid to sleep with them in the camp. Yet how could he vamoose without arousing suspicions?

Wait!

That idea that had been in the back of his head ever since those men had ridden into camp! There was something about one of them—

Claw Custer came to his feet in one long leap, as fast as the recoil of a powerful spring. His big hands leaped with amazing speed from the holsters at his thighs. The Colts jumped upward and their long barrels poked twin threats at the surprised outlaws who stood tense

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and anxious.

"What's eatin' you, hombre?" asked one of them.

"I came after the sheriff-killer!" Claw snapped. "Reckon I've found him! Come over here you!"

His gun-barrel pointed towards one man. The man grinned nastily, shaking his head. Claw Custer's eyes glinted dangerously. His trigger fingers tightened. Three shots rang out. Three leaden pellets ripped three guns and holsters away from the belts that carried them.

Stunned, the outlaws stood motionless. One of them said, "Ed, he's got us now—without guns!"

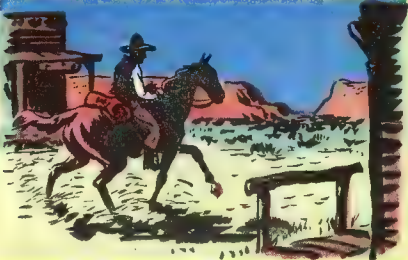
The man named Ed nodded. This time his grin was sickly.

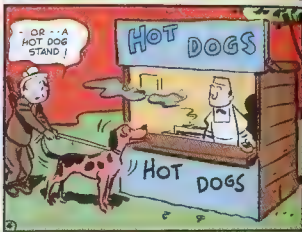
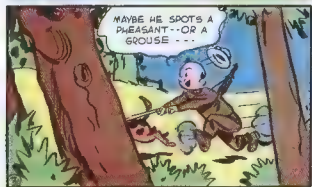
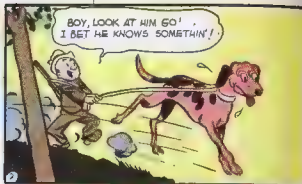
"How'd you know me? How'd you ever pick me out as the sheriff-killer?"

"Your vest," snapped Claw, "is the same as mine! See those two holes on my vest? That's where my badge hung! You got a vest on like that—the sheriff's vest!"

Ed looked down at the jagged holes in his buckskin vest, and he paled.

"You got quick eyes, marshal, and quicker guns! All right, I'm beat. Let's go!"





DIFFERENT? SURE!



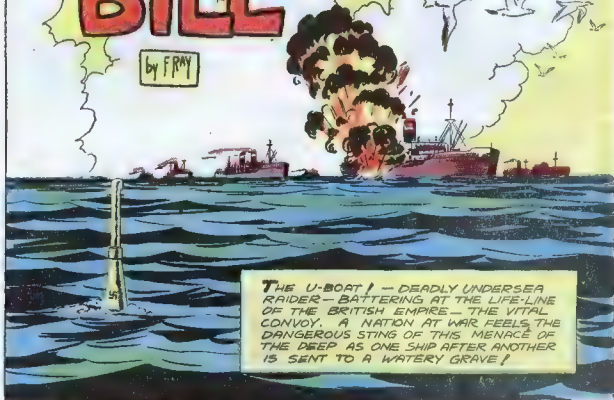
THAT'S WHY
STARMAN
IS GOING OVER
WITH SUCH A **BANG**
IN EVERY ISSUE OF

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CONGO BILL

by FRAY



THE U-BOAT! — DEADLY UNDERSEA RAIDER — BATTERING AT THE LIFE-LINE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE — THE VITAL CONVOY. A NATION AT WAR FEELS THE DANGEROUS STING OF THIS MENACE OF THE DEEP AS ONE SHIP AFTER ANOTHER IS SENT TO A WATERY GRAVE!

CAIRO — HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE MIDDLE EAST.



WHERE WE FIND CONGO BILL IN CONSULTATION WITH A BRITISH OFFICER.

SEE THIS MAP, BILL? SOMEWHERE ALONG THIS STRETCH OF COAST IS A HIDDEN SUBMARINE BASE. OPERATING FROM THIS BASE, U-BOATS ARE TAKING A SERIOUS TOLL ON OUR SOUTH ATLANTIC SHIPPING.



WE CALLED YOU IN TO ASK YOU TO LOCATE THE POSITION OF THIS BASE. OF COURSE, IT'S A DANGEROUS JOB AND WE CAN MAKE NO GUARANTEE FOR YOUR SAFETY.

WHEN DO I START?



EVENTS MOVE QUICKLY.
THAT NIGHT AT A BRITISH
AIRPORT BILL BIDS
GOOD-BYE TO HIS FRIEND,
PROFESSOR KENT.

BUT WHAT'S
IT ALL ABOUT,
BILL?

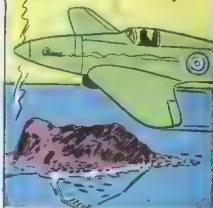
HUNTING FOR
BIG FISH, PROF!
THAT'S ALL I CAN
TELL YOU



IN A SLEEK BRITISH
FIGHTER, BILL TAKES
OFF INTO THE INKY
BLACKNESS...



FIRST STOP, MALTA, THEN
OFF AGAIN OVER THE
BLUE MEDITERRANEAN —
HOUR AFTER HOUR — AND
FINALLY... GIBRALTAR!

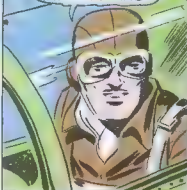


AFTER A BRIEF REST,
BILL IS OFF AGAIN...



HOURS LATER...SOMEWHERE
OFF THE AFRICAN COAST.

THAT LITTLE
ISLAND OVER THERE
MAY PROVE WORTH
INVESTIGATING



LOOKS
INNOCENT
ENOUGH.



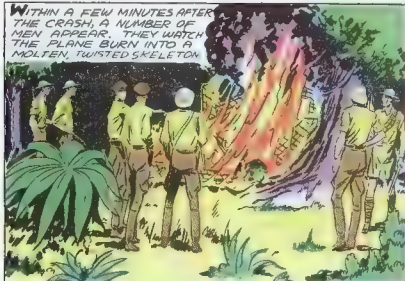
AS BILL CIRCLES
LOW OVER THE
"DESERTED"
ISLAND...!



BILL'S PLANE
STAGGERS, GROANS,
AND PLUNGES
DOWNWARD IN
FLAMES!



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE CRASH, A NUMBER OF MEN APPEAR. THEY WATCH THE PLANE BURN INTO A MOLTEN, TWISTED SKELETON.

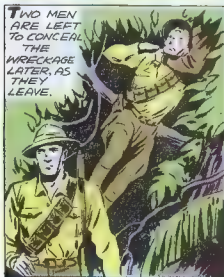


THERE WAS NO CHANCE THE PILOT ESCAPED?

NONE, HERR CAPTAIN



TWO MEN ARE LEFT TO CONCEAL THE WRECKAGE LATER, AS THEY LEAVE.



HANS!
WHERE ARE YOU?



MEANWHILE, A QUICK CHANGE OF CLOTHES HAS BEEN MADE IN THE TREE!



YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT YOU, BROTHER!



SORRY, JERRY, BUT THIS IS OFFICIAL BUSINESS.



I GOT OUT OF THAT PLANE JUST IN TIME. NOW, WE'LL SEE WHAT GOES ON AROUND HERE.



SO THIS IS IT, EH?
EVERYTHING IS WELL
CONCEALED FROM THE AIR
THAT SMALL SHED MUST
BE THE WIRELESS HOUSE



WELL, HERE GOES.
THIS UNIFORM SHOULD
PASS ME IF I'M SEEN



WHO-?



AND HIDDEN IN A TREE-
LINED LAGOON, BILL SEES
TWO U-BOATS!



NO TIME FOR INTRODUCTIONS!



ALL I DO IS THE WIRELESS
OPERATOR IN A LOCKER
THEN HE BEGINS TO TAP
OUT A PRE-ARRANGED CODE
SIGNAL

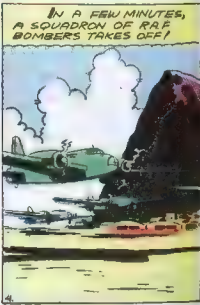


AND AT GIBRALTAR...

HERE IT COMES!
BLIMEY, SIR, HE'S
FOUND IT! THE BLOKE'S
FOUND IT, SIR!



IN A FEW MINUTES,
A SQUADRON OF RAF
BOMBERS TAKES OFF!



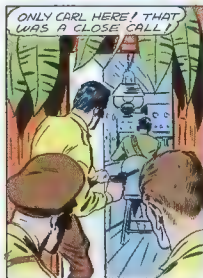
MEANWHILE...

GENTLEMEN—
TO OUR FATHERLAND
AND OUR FUTURE
SUCCESS!

HERR CAPTAIN!
THE ENEMY PILOT—
HE'S ALIVE! HE STRUCK
ME FROM BEHIND AND
TIED ME UP BUT I
WORKED LOOSE!

AND TROOPER
SCHMIDT HAS
DISAPPEARED!

WHAT?
IF THAT
PILOT HAS
FOUND
THE
WIRELESS
HOUSE—
QUICK!



AFTER A LONG SEARCH,
TROOPER SCHMIDT IS FOUND.



HAVING DUPED THE OFFICERS, BILL REMAINS HIDDEN FOR SEVERAL HOURS — UNTIL

SO, MEIN HERR!
THE CAPTAIN HAS
BEEN LOOKING
FOR YOU!



THERE WILL BE
NO NEED FOR
A TRIAL. YOUR
UNIFORM CONVICTS
YOU AS A SPY.
I REGRET
YOU MUST BE
SHOT AT ONCE!

I BET
THAT
WILL
BREAK
YOUR
HEART!



BILL FACES THE FIRING SQUAD!

ATTENTION!
AIM! —



BUT SUDDENLY, THE DRONE OF MANY MOTORS INTERRUPTS THE EXECUTION!

ENGLISH
BOMBERS!



A BRITISH DESTROYER, DIRECTED BY THE PLANES, ARRIVES OFF THE ISLAND!



A PARTY OF MARINES IS LANDED FROM THE DESTROYER!

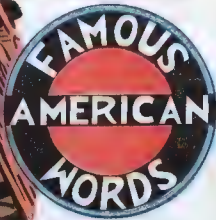


L
A
T
E
R
WE HEARD ALL ABOUT
YOU ON THE WIRELESS
BY JOVE, YOU'RE TO BE
CONGRATULATED FOR AN
AMAZING PIECE OF WORK.
WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO
CLEAN OUT THIS ENTIRE
NEST OF RATS

GLAD TO BE
OF SERVICE,
SIR BUT THIS
IS ONE JOB
I'M GLAD IS
OVER!



THE
END



"I'VE NOT YET BEGUN
TO FIGHT!"

THIS WAS THE DRAMATIC ANSWER OF CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES WHEN ASKED BY THE BRITISH IF HE HAD STRUCK HIS COLORS DURING THE SEA BATTLE BETWEEN THE AMERICAN SHIP "BONHOMME RICHARD" AND THE BRITISH "SERAPIS," (SEPT. 23, 1779). JONES FINALLY BOARDED AND CAPTURED THE "SERAPIS" FROM WHICH DECK, HE WATCHED HIS OWN SHIP SINK IN VICTORY...

by FRAY

HEAR SUPERMAN ON THE RADIO!

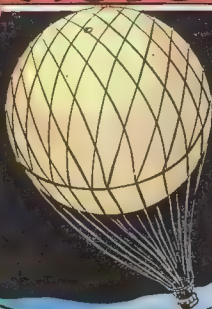
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KECA Los Angeles—Sponsored by SUPREME BAKERY CO.
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WBEW Buffalo, N. Y.—Sponsored by O'ROURKE BAKING COMPANY
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FACTS

HENRY
BONHOFF



3/5 TH'S OF A SECOND
IS THE AMOUNT OF TIME A BALL
IS IN THE AIR WHEN TOSSED BY
A BIG LEAGUE PITCHER TO
HOME PLATE!

THE FIRST ELECTRICAL COMMUNICATION
USED WITH AERONAUTICS WAS ON JUNE 17, 1861.
A TELEGRAM WAS SENT OVER A WIRE CONNECTING
THE BALLOON WITH THE GROUND TO
PRESIDENT LINCOLN!

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF

America

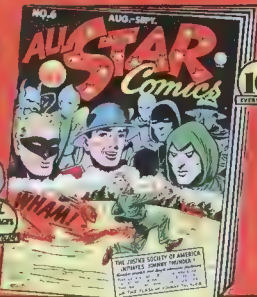
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HOTCHA!



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..AND JOHNNY IS
RIGHT-FOR IN THIS
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IS MADE AN HON-
ORARY MEMBER
LIKE SUPERMAN
AND BATMAN, AND
JOHNNY THUNDER IS
INITIATED INTO THE
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OF AMERICA!
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ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

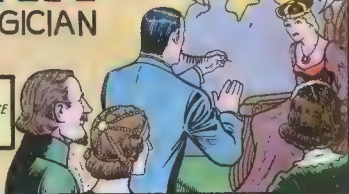
By
Joseph
Sulman

**ZATARA GIVES A
COMMAND PERFORMANCE
IN PATONA, A FAR-OFF
KINGDOM....**

HOW DOES HE
DO IT—PULLING
HUNDREDS OF
THREADED NEEDLES
FROM HIS MOUTH?

HE'S THE
GREATEST
MAGICIAN
ALIVE.

WONDERFUL!
ALL I'VE
HEARD
ABOUT
ZATARA IS
TRUE!



...AND WINS THE QUEEN'S
CONFIDENCE.



THANK
YOU!

PERHAPS HE
CAN HELP ME.

I SENT FOR YOU
BECAUSE I
THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT
HELP ME!

I WOULD BE
GLAD TO SERVE
YOUR MAJESTY.



I MUST GET
THE ZIN DIAMOND
TO THE
CAPITAL BANK
IN AMERICA.
PATONA NEEDS
FOREIGN GOODS.

THE ZIN
DIAMOND?
THAT'S
WORTH A
FORTUNE?



NEITHER NOTICES THE DOOR
OPENING....



SINCE I REMOVED
IT FROM THE
ROYAL VAULT,
THERE HAVE
BEEN TWO
ATTEMPTED
ROBBERIES!

BUT NO THIEF
WOULD SUSPECT
ME OF CARRYING
THE JEWEL
OUT OF
PATONA!

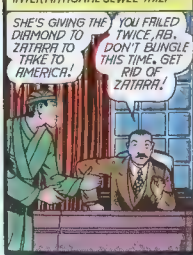
EXACTLY!
WILL YOU
DO IT,
ZATARA?

YES, YOUR
MAJESTY.
I'LL COME
FOR THE
DIAMOND
TOMORROW
MORNING.

SO!
GEM
SHOULD
KNOW
OF THIS.



HEADQUARTERS OF BEM,
INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEF...



SHE'S GIVING THE
DIAMOND TO
ZATARA TO
TAKE TO
AMERICA!

YOU FAILED
TWICE, AB.
DON'T BUNGLE
THIS TIME. GET
RID OF
ZATARA!

WHAT'LL I DO AFTER I GET ZATARA'S PASSPORT AND PAPERS?

TELL THE QUEEN THAT BEFORE ZATARA DIED HE ASKED YOU, HIS BEST FRIEND, TO TAKE THE JEWEL TO AMERICA FOR HER.



THE NEXT MORNING, AS ZATARA LEAVES TO GET THE JEWEL...



UGH!

THIS'LL END YOUR MEDDLING IN BEM'S AFFAIRS!

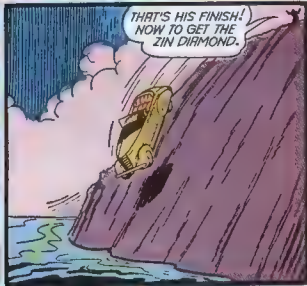
B PROPS THE UNCONSCIOUS ZATARA IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT..



AFTER I GET YOUR PASSPORT AND PAPERS, YOU WILL GO FOR A LITTLE RIDE!

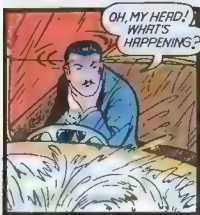


DOWN THE HILL AND INTO THE RIVER! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS CAR ALIVE!

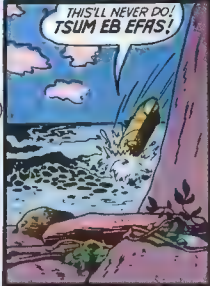


THAT'S HIS FINISH! NOW TO GET THE ZIN DIAMOND.

BUT ZATARA'S EXTRAORDINARY WILL CANNOT REMAIN DORMANT. AS THE CAR PITCHES OFF THE BANK INTO THE ICE-COLD RIVER, ZATARA REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.



OH, MY HEAD! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



THIS'LL NEVER DO! TSUM EB EFAS!

BUT THE MAGIC WORDS, AN INVISIBLE FORCE HURLS ZATARA TO SAFETY!

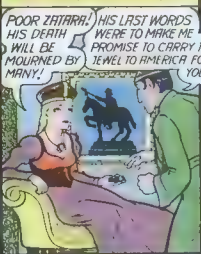


SOMEONE MUST KNOW OF OUR PLANS FOR THAT DIAMOND! DRAWYKS!

ZATARA IS LIFTED INTO THE SKY!



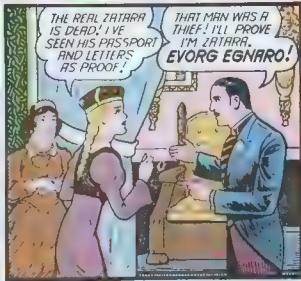
MEANWHILE, AB VISITS THE QUEEN-



AS AB DRIVES OFF WITH THE DIAMOND---



THE CLOUD OBEYS...



THE ROOM BECOMES AN ORANGE GROVE!

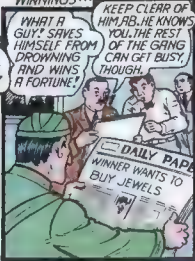
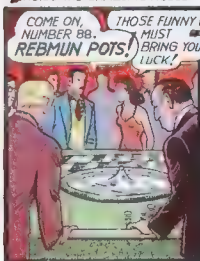


...THEN IS RESTORED TO ITS FORMER APPEARANCE!



ZATARA GOES TO MOUNI BUSCO, THE FAMOUS GAMBLING HOUSE.





POSING AS JEWEL SALESMEN, BEM'S GANG CALLS ON ZATARA - BUT ZATARA IS EXPECTING THEM.



THE DIAMOND TURNS BLACK!



A WAD OF CHLOROFORM IS THRUST UNDER ZATARA'S NOSE!



ZATARA IS CARRIED TO AN UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT, BUT HE ONLY PRETENDS UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

AB SAID HE'D BE WAITING FOR US IN THE CAVERN.

NBODY WILL EVER FIND ZATARA'S BODY IN THAT LONELY SPOT!

THIS PLACE ALWAYS GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

ME, TOO! AH, THERE'S AB WAITING FOR US!

HOW SURPRISED THESE KIDNAPPERS WOULD BE IF THEY KNEW I AM IMMUNE TO CHLOROFORM!

ZATARA SUDDENLY SPRINGS FREE!

HEY WHAT!

ECT. REVOC MEHT!

WALLS OF SOLID ICE ENVELOP THE THIEVES!

LET ME OUT!

I'M FREEZING!

I'LL TAKE BOTH THE DIAMOND AND MY MONEY! YLF

OT EM!

MONEY AND JEWEL FLY THROUGH THE ICE TO ZATARA!

NOW YOU FELLOWS CAN COOL OFF TILL THE POLICE ARRIVE. ZA!

AND HE PASSES THROUGH SOLID EARTH!

NOW FOR A VISIT WITH THE LOCAL POLICE.

FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION THEY MUST BE BEM'S GANG. THEY'RE WANTED BY THE POLICE OF AMERICA, PATONA AND OTHER COUNTRIES, TOO.

WE KNOW WHAT ALL OF THEM LOOK LIKE EXCEPT THEIR LEADER. NOT ONE OF US COULD IDENTIFY BEM.

I'LL TAKE YOU TO THEIR HIDEOUT RIGHT NOW!

AFTER THE THIEVES HAVE BEEN JAILED, ZATARA CALLS ON THE OWNER OF MOUNT BISCO.

"SO I ONLY USED MY WINNINGS TO TRAP A GANG OF THIEVES. NOW I WANT TO RETURN THE MONEY TO YOU.

WHAT AN HONEST MAN YOU ARE!

IN AMERICA, BEM HEARS OF ZATARA'S FEAT--

..AND MEETS THE BOAT THAT BRINGS THE MAGICIAN BACK TO AMERICA.

FROM ACROSS THE OCEAN WE LEARN THAT ZATARA CAPTURED A GANG OF JEWEL THIEVES--

THE FOOLS BUNGLED; I'LL GET ZATARA MYSELF!

WHEN I SAY I'M ATTACHED TO THE PATONIAN EMBASSY, HE'LL ACCEPT MY INVITATION.

TRANS-ATLANTIC LINES

I'M FROM THE PATONIAN EMBASSY. HER MAJESTY TOLD ME TO MEET YOU TODAY.

THE QUEEN SAID SHE WOULD NOT MENTION MY NAME! THIS MUST BE BEM, THE THIEF!

YOU MUST STAY AT MY HOUSE WHILE YOU'RE IN TOWN, ZATARA.

YOU'RE MORE THAN KIND. I WILL.

WHAT NIGHT?

JUST WHAT I EXPECTED! NUG TRAPA!

THE GUN BREAKS APART!

WHAT WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S A GOOD THING I HADN'T REALLY GONE TO BED. I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ASLEEP!

AREN'T YOU FORGETTING YOUR MANNERS?

ZATARA PERMITS HIS ESCAPE FOR THE TIME BEING.

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? SSALG EGNAC!

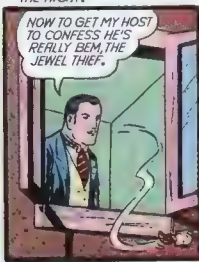
THE GLASS TURNS INTO AN IMITATION OF THE ZIN DIAMOND!



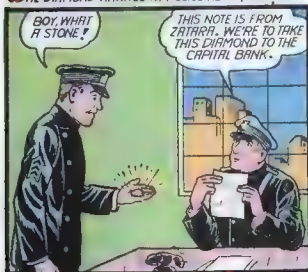
THE MAGICIAN WRAPS THE NOTE AROUND THE REAL DIAMOND WHICH HE TAKES FROM HIS SUITCASE--



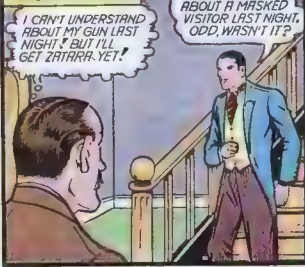
THE JEWEL WINGS THROUGH THE NIGHT!



THE DIAMOND ARRIVES AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



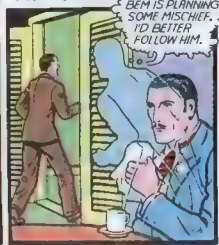
THE NEXT MORNING:



AT BREAKFAST, ZATARA TAKES THE IMITATION DIAMOND FROM HIS POCKET--



BUT BEM LEAVES THE TABLE, ZATARA MURMURS THE WORDS THAT ALLOW HIS SPIRIT TO WANDER SEPARATE FROM HIS BODY--



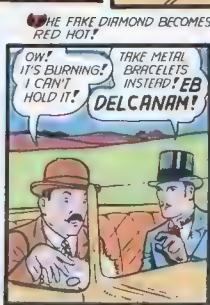
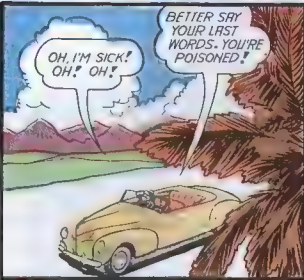
THIS WILL KILL ZATARA BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO SAVE HIMSELF!



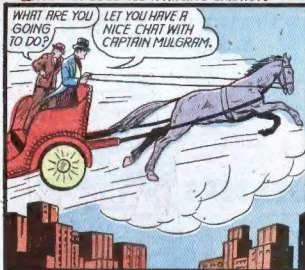
HEM APPLIES THE POISON TO THE TIPS OF HIS CIGARETTES..



ZATARA SECRETLY SUBSTITUTES ONE OF HIS OWN CIGARETTES FOR THE POISONED ONE.



THE CAR BECOMES A RACING CHARIOT!



WE'RE GOING TO CRASH INTO THE POLICE STATION!

DON'T BE FOOLISH! PEEK GNIOG!



THE CHARIOT PASSES THROUGH THE CLOSED DOORS!



AT ZATARRA'S COMMAND, THE CHARIOT DISAPPEARS.



IF YOU CONFESS, BEM, YOU MAY RECEIVE LENIENCY. OTHERWISE I'LL PRODUCE THE CAMERA---

I'LL CONFESS! I AM BEM THOUGH I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU SUSPECTED.



AS BEM SIGNS A FULL CONFESSION:



YOU TRICKED ME! I'LL GET EVEN!

WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU WON'T GET EVEN WITH ANYONE-EXCEPT YOURSELF!



BY ASSISTING A QUEEN, YOU CAPTURE AN ENTIRE JEWEL GANG. WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU HELPED AN EMPEROR?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT MIGHT BE FUN FINDING OUT!



THE END -

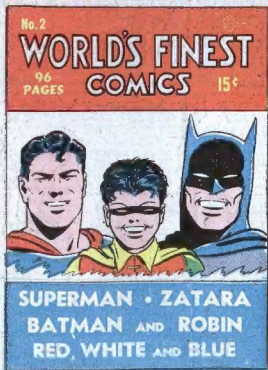
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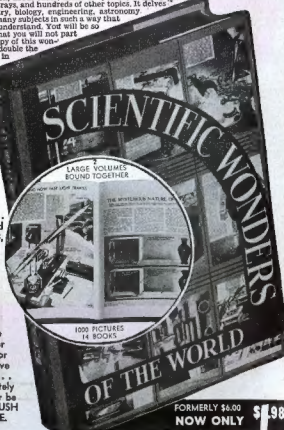
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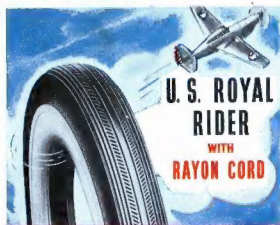
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